

The Historie of

Hot. That Roane shal be my throne. Well, I will backe him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the parke.

La. But heare you my Lord.

Hot. What saiest thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

La. Out you mad-headed ape, a weazel hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are toft with. In faith Ile know your busines *Harry*, that I will: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth stir about his title, & hath sent for you to line his enterprife; but if you go

Hot. So far a foote, I shall be weary, loue.

La. Come, come, you *Paraquito*, answere me directly, vnto this question that I shal aske: in faith Ile break thy little finger *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away you triffler, loue; I loue thee not, I care not for thee *Kate*, this is no world To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips, We must haue bloudie noses, and crackt crownes; And passe them currant too: gods me my horse. What saist thou *Kate*; what wouldst thou haue with me?

La. Do you not loue me? do you not indeede?

Wel, do not then; for since you loue me not, I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me? Nay, tel me, if you speake in ieast, or no?

Hot. Come wilt thou see meride?

And when I am a horse back, I will sweare,

I loue thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*,

I must not haue you henceforth, question me?

Whither I go: nor reason where about.

Whither I must, I must: and to conclude,

This euening must I leaue you Gentle *Kate*.

I know you wise, but yet no farther wise,

Then *Harry Percies* wife. constant you are,

But yet a woman, and for secrecy,

No Lady closer, for I will beleue,

Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know:

And so farewell I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

La. How, so far?

Hot.

Henrie the fourth.

Hot. Not an inch further: but harke you *Kate*,

Whither I goe, thither shall you goe too:

To day will I set forth, to morrow you:

Will this content you *Kate*?

Lady. It must of force.

Exeunt.

Section 4. Enter Prince and Poiners.

Prince. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, and lend mee thy hand to laugh a little.

Poiners. Where hast been *Hal*?

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst three or foure score Hogs-heads. I haue founded the very base string of Humilitie. Sirra, I am sworn Brother to a leath of Drawers, & can call them all by their Christian names, as *Tom*, *Dicke*, and *Francis*: they take it already vpon their saluation, that though I be but *Prince of Wales*, yet I am the King of *Curtesie*; and tell mee flatly, I am not proud *Iack*, like *Falstaffe*; but a *Corinthian*, a lad of mettall, a good Boy, (by the Lord so they call me) and when I am King of *England*, I shall commande all the good Lads in *Eastcheape*. They call drinking deepe, dying *Scarlet*; and when you breath in your watring, they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre; that I can drinke with any *Tinker* in his owne language during my life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action: but sweet *Ned*; to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I giue thee this peniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder Skinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life, then *Eight skillinges and sixe pence*; and, *You are welcome*, with this shrill addition. *Anon*, *anon* sir; skore a Pint of *Bastard* in the Halfe moone, or so. But *Ned*, to drue away time till *Falstaffe* come, I prethee doe thou stand in some by roome, while I question my puny Drawer, to what end he gaue me the Sugar, and doe neuer leaue calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but, *Anon*: steppe aside, and Ile shew thee a present.

Poiners. *Francis*.

Prince. Thou art perfect.

Poiners. *Francis*.

Enter Drawer.

Prin. *Anon*, *anon* sir; looke downe into the Pomgarnet, *Ralfe*.

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Prince.